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The Trinity Review, Fall 1955

Trinity College

TRINITY REVIEW

FALL 19

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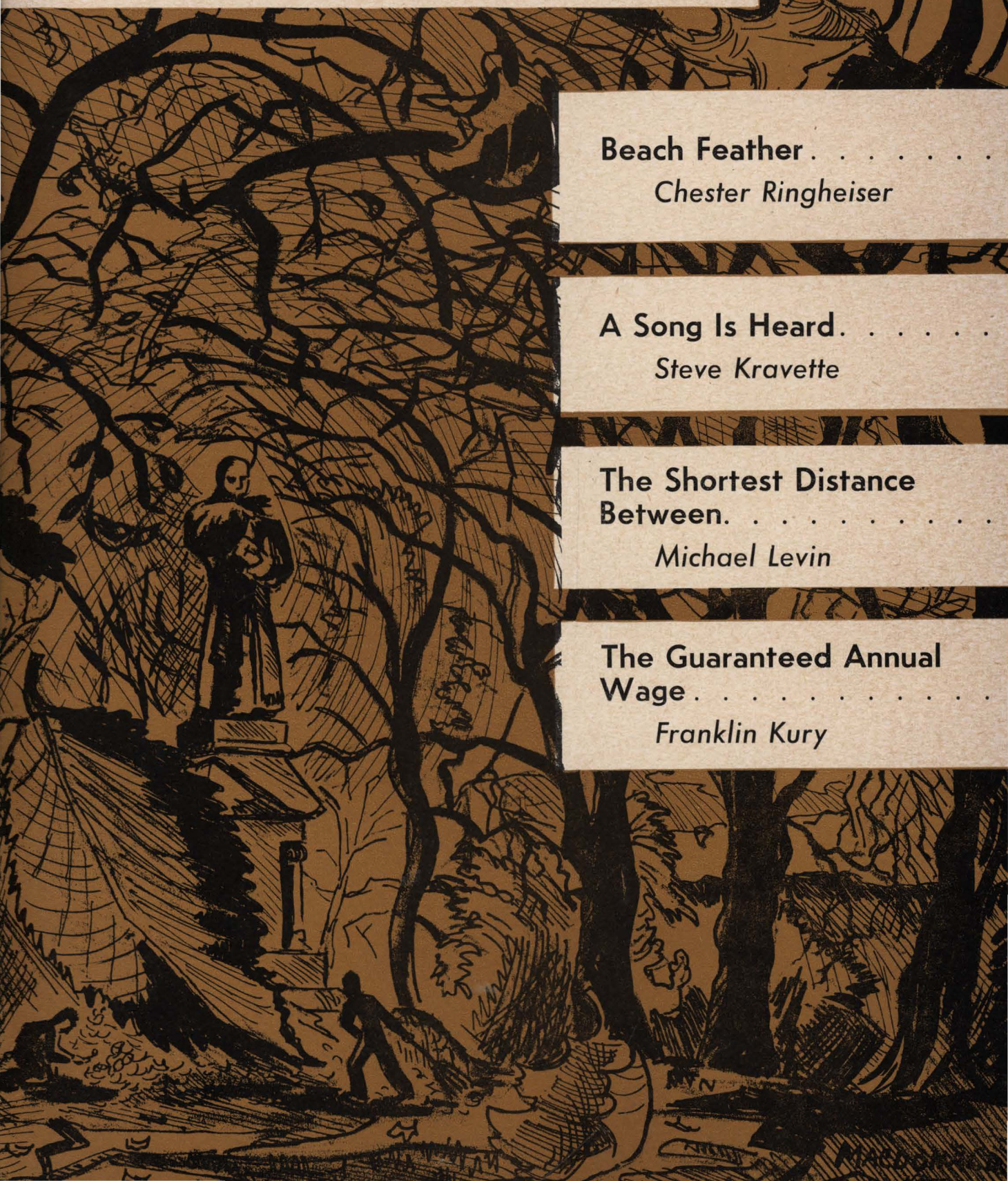

THE TRINITY REVIEW

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(Various illustrations by Neil Day)

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SINGLE COPIES THIS ISSUE, ONE DOLLAR.

Faintly damned for an informative piece on girls' colleges which appeared in our last issue, that intrepid junior, Ward Just, has compiled some more damnable facts on New York's bistros.

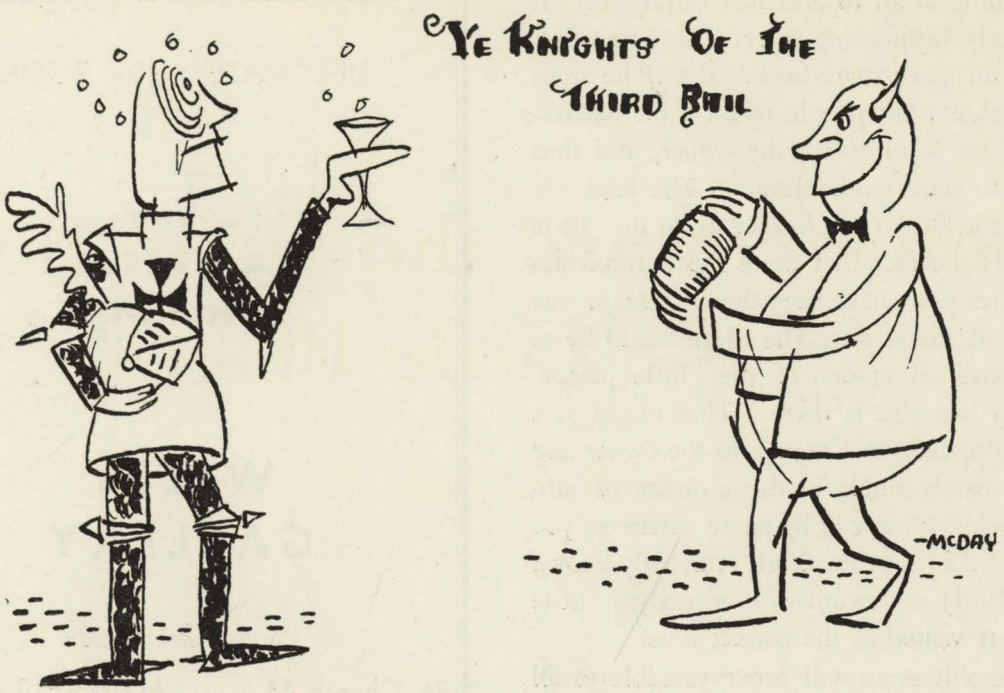
Notes Toward the Definition Of the Little Places

by Ward Just, '57

AS most of you who have given more than cursory attention to New York City realize, there are certain bistroes and restaurants which go under the name "little places." These niteries are very popular with the swish collegiate set, and if you care about being swish (and who doesn't), it is necessary that you know all the ins and outs of the few "little places."

These spots gross an incredible revenue each year by the use of two elements: snobbery and gadgetry. By the use of three illustrations it is possible to glean more than an adequate knowledge of the peculiarities and subtleties of the "little places." The Pin-Up Room (Mabel Mercer sings there), The Elizabeth Norman Restaurant (Max bartends there), and The Stork Club (everybody goes there) are the three most susceptible to dissection. There are some aficionados who would quarrel with the inclusion of the Stork, but as will be seen later, it merits consideration.

We have the basic element of snobbery of all the "little places" in Alec Wilder's comment about Mabel Mercer. "Mabel is one who an individual will tell only his best friends about but not—indeed not—everyone he knows." Thus we have the essential factor in the making of a "little place"—an appeal to one's sense of uniqueness. Mabel sings like no one else (it is important to call these personalities by the correct names. Mabel Mercer is "Mabel," or "Miss Mercer," never "Mabel Mercer.") in New York. Whether you like her or not (most people do) it is important that you say you do and add something like: "She's so—what is it —esoteric," or "I'll bet she's led quite a life." The Pin-Up Room itself is like any other bar in New York, except darker. The waiters are generally surly, and the price of hootch is high. But all this is compensated when you are able to say to your date: "I have found a nice little place—sort of off the beaten track. I don't think we'll find any of the college crowd there. It'll be nice to get away from drunks for a change." So when you walk into the place you will find not college drunks but cafe society drunks. The latter are, of course, quieter. In point of fact, the usual crowd in a place like the Pin-Up are primarily concerned with Mabel Mercer, not 12-year-old scotch, so it is generally a very pleasant place to be in. Incidentally, when in the Pin-Up never talk when Mabel Mercer is singing, and when she is finished clap politely, as if you wanted no one to hear you. It is permissible to suggest a song during



her set. But any song you want must be one that no one has ever heard of.

Maxwell DuBrow's Elizabeth Norman restaurant is the last word in chicness. It is in an ideal location, tucked away on Madison Ave., between 79th and 80th streets, and from the outside it looks like a tea room. But it is not, of course, a tea room. As a matter of fact, it is anything but a tea room. The main attraction of the Elizabeth Norman is Max, the bartender. He devised a gimmick no true collegian can resist. He brewed up a cocktail called a Third Rail, and anyone who can drink five of them has his name put up on the wall in gold letters. He is then an "Ivy League Knight." You need someone to sponsor you, thus the idea of a "club." It might be of general interest to know that a former member of Trinity holds the record for Third Rails: 12 and 3-4. What ever happened to the fourth quarter I was never told. Recently, Max has devised the idea of personalized cocktail shakers. It would then be possible to walk in and say something like: "Max, my shaker please," instead of the trite, "the usual." A very good crowd generally frequents the Elizabeth Norman. The spot has the appearance of being empty all the time, so it is possible to suggest to your date: "Yes, this is a little place not too many people know about. You know, I like to come down here every now and then, you can sort of get away from The City." Max has got the college man down to a "T"—and they know it. The prices are high, but as one astute collegian told me "I don't mind paying a dollar a drink if I can talk to Max." Max likes to talk and judging from the size of the drinks, it would be possible to spend a month's allowance before he got past the state of the weather.

The Stork Club is, of course, familiar to all. The important thing to realize is the time to be there. For instance, one should never frequent the Stork for dinner, or between the hours of 8 p.m. and 1 a.m. The tourist crowd is generally out in force at that time and, as any fool knows, tourists are to be avoided at all times. But after the hour of 2 a.m. the native New Yorkers and Suburbiana show up. It is then ideal for a "nightcap." It is particularly shoe to have cocktails in the Stork of an afternoon, leaving, of course, before the bourgoisie descend. It is the height of bad taste to

say anything at all to Sherman Billingsley. It is currently fashionable to refer to The Great Man as an inarticulate boob. But if he stops by the table, most people relent a bit remarking that he is, after all, the owner, and thus entitled to some consideration. The final element in the Stork Club in relation to the "little places" is the fact that there are only certain times when you can be seen there. This is true of most of the spots. The ideal would be to have a cocktail at one of the "little places" when no one else is there. That might give you the opportunity to speak to the owner and might possibly result in the ultimate of ultimates, being spoken to by name whenever you came in. As far as the Stork (currently known as The Bird) is concerned, it is truely a "little place"—if visited at the correct time.

I hope this essay will prove valuable to all and any student who wishes to snow a date or the parents. But if you are unable to get to New York and wish to take out a nurse, for instance, the Adajjian Room in Hartford is certainly more than passable (for Hartford).

Beach Feather

by Chester Ringheiser

There's been some flying here,
Some wind and death,
That made this white thing tumble from a breast.

Once soared, once screamed the waves
That gathered shore in baskets full of foam,
Now rests in heated sands,
Alert and upright listening to the land.

I tremble that you lived.
Elsewhere I shall never know perhaps
The heart still flys, the wings still
Love the air.
Blued universes catch the fishscream,
And the dive,
And ships will use the bird for sight of land.

Kneeling with this thing alone,
When evil and the world have tangled sky,
I hear a woman's laughter, distant mirth,
And know that sea and wind is all we know of earth.

A creator of other sounds than music is known as a jazz artist. Sophomore Steve Kravette, a member of the Summit Street Six, has brought some musical sounds into print.

A Song Is Heard . . . .

by Steve Kravette

A SONG has many moods. Songs may be fast and lively, or slow and stately. There are tender ballads and fast novelty numbers that we listen to, sing and then forget. But somewhere, somewhere in the universe is a special song, one that is really too beautiful to remember.

Present, past, and future songs are as nothing compared with this supreme melody. Some of us have heard snatches of it. Perhaps the wind will chant it on a lonely night, by rustling the branches of a lonely tree. Maybe strains of it will float downward, carried by moonbeams. Few people have heard it in its entirety. The song is a beautifully tender, but sad experience to live through. If the timing is right, you may hear it, the supreme song, once in your lifetime.

This, then, is the story of the song and you . . . ambling home Saturday night after a date. Riverside Drive is quiet that night, perhaps the quietest the avenue has ever been. A breeze passes through the calm night, and with a song, a song that seems unlike anything human ears ever heard since the dawn of history. This is from no late radio on someone's night table. This melody is being carried by the night itself.

Suddenly the street becomes hazy. You are aware of something or someone alongside you. A strange sensation overcomes you and lifts you from the ground. You open your eyes and a new world is before you. A warm orange sun shines from a sky that is green as the fresh grass of spring. You are dazzled by the unearthly splendor of this place.

Then you notice the presence beside you has

come alive. Radiant with light she smiles at you, and the music plays on. The song is in the air here, and you envy the dwellers of this Utopia, for they are granted the beauty of this world eternally, while you are only a trespasser. Gazing at her, you realize you have known her, either milleniums ago, or eternities in the future. Where or when, it doesn't matter, for here all time is blended. Yes, many times, you two have met, or will meet again.

Everyone has different standards of perfection, but she is loveliness. No words are spoken, for none are needed. All paradise is here, and you are lost in the music of the land, along with the music of your heart as it cries out telling you to stay.

Soon you have lost track of time and it seems many lifetimes have been spent with her when, much too soon, the music ceases to play. A sudden chill accompanies the silence and the warm air turns cold and damp. A fog covers the landscape and you feel yourself sinking slowly, trapped in something not unlike a whirlpool.

You see her sadly look down at you before the mist swirls completely around her and blots her from your vision. All at once tiny droplets, soft as summer rain, caress your face. No one has to tell you what they are.

She and her exotic land where the centuries meet, where an orange sun shines down from a restfully green sky and a haunting melody is dreamily carried by the air . . . all these precious things are lost, hopelessly lost.

The fog around you lifts, and Riverside Drive once again is silent with its memories, its secrets that are better left untold. You walk towards home feeling a little sad, but you can't remember why. And as you walk, the brisk November skies open up to let droplets, as from a soft summer rain, fall upon you . . .

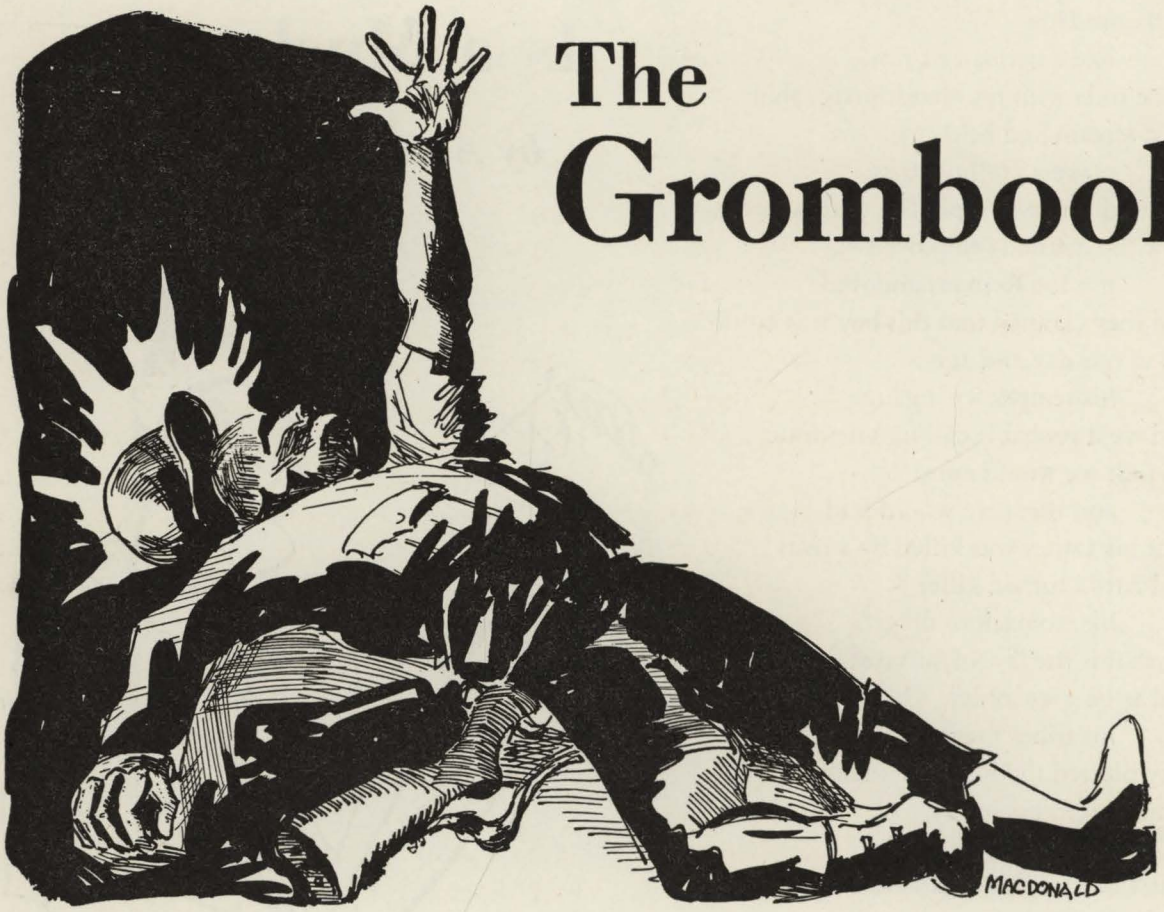
A Sophomore from Brooklyn, New York, Alan Lapidus appears for the first time in these pages. A new slant on a very macabre subject is handled very humorously.

A Stone Is a Spear Is a Gun Is a Mushroom

by Alan Lapidus, '58

Attila the Hun
had a carload of fun
As he rode with his bloodthirsty rabble,
He'd scream and he'd cuss
make a Helluva fuss
Claim killing was more fun than scrabble.
Now the methods employed
got the Romans annoyed
And they claimed that this boy was erotic
But in our day and age
his temper we'd gauge
And we'd probably call him neurotic.
His past we would mind
and there we would find
That his father was killed by a rival
And Attila turned killer
his stomach to fill-er
For that is the law of survival.
And as he grew older
his tribes grew much bolder
They plotted the Romans' removal
Which, needless to say,
it's as clear as the day
Didn't meet with the Romans' approval.
But Attila made hay
in barbarian way
'Twas plain that his boasts weren't bogus,
And his awful advance
(since the Romans lacked pants)
Scared them clear out of their togas.
But enough has been said
my point it is made
Attila was a bit of a lout
His actions were crude
in fact downright rude
He was anything but a good scout.
Now civilization
the pride of our nation
Will benefit Harry and Tom
The barbarian way
is strictly passé
Hi-Ho for the Hydrogen Bomb!

Tom Lawrence, a senior, is as representative of the REVIEW'S precious beret boys as Whitehead's beard is of Schweppervescence. He is a long-time contributor and a member of the board.



The Gromboolian

SHE danced silently around, around the dark room she danced, crying silently to herself, and he sat in the corner, his arms cradling his head on a white marble table, and he was crying too.

And so he saw himself the sensitive young man, here, or under the willow tree, but always the sensitive young man, and always crying. But now it was hard for him to believe in this, for the restless flies crawled around and sat on the foot caked with the dried blood and the yellow pus. Yes, now it was hard here, lying in the mud, half his foot gone, a hole in his stomach, and nothing but hatred inside.

"God damn their stinking hides," he thought, "God damn their stinking hides, leaving me here alone, waiting for the others to come and finish what they've begun. Who the Hell do they think they are, leaving me in this rotten filth?"

And the flies buzzed on, but the girl stopped dancing, and walked slowly over to the table where he sat.

"Do you cry often?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "Always."

And the flies buzzed on, and the girl sat down, taking his hands in hers, asking with her eyes if the tears were right. With his he answered, "Yes. Yes, it was, for they both were sensitive, and if not in the dark room, then down by the willow tree, and yes certainly it was right to cry, for the whole earth cries, and

Plain

Thomas Lawrence, '56

its peoples with their weary children, they also cry, and all these were merely reasons why the sensitive should cry."

"God damn their stinking hides, the sons of bitches, leaving me here, alone, to die."

They sat on the bank of the stream where there were no flies, and the loon sleeping in the silent reeds, slept on, and the soft, still sounds of the two, sank then rose above the glistening water, porpoise style, and in short they were happy there, by the willow tree. But then she rose up, catching a leaf hanging down, close by, and moved away, disappearing back into the dark room, where he, of course, followed, for neither he nor she, nor the weary earth, was through with the long cry, and so they cried on, the sensitive and the many, cried on.

"Damn them," and off in the distance he heard the others coming, laughing and marching hard through the brown mud. "Damn them for coming now," he thought. "Christ I'm afraid," and the flies moved cautiously away as his wounded foot twitched in the mud.

The strange forms were entering the door, throwing their shadows in deformed patterns on the marble table, where again he had rested his head. And she looked up to see who had entered, but saw that it was only the others, and that they, she and the young man, were lost of their purpose and want.

"Come in." she said, and they did.

"Sit down," she said, and this also they did, but he did not notice, for the flies once more settled down, and the laughing again came to his ears.

"Where has the sensitive young man gone, with his sensitive young tears?"

"He has gone to war."

"Is this what killing and pain does to the sensitive?"

"Yes."

He had once thought this might happen, but that was long ago, once upon a time, and he hadn't paid much attention to the thought of dying in some strange field, being hunted by laughing men. He had seen pictures of this thing called death, but that too had seemed far away, and he was a child then, in school, busy thinking the quiet thoughts of the child growing out of childhood. Now the child was grown up, and now the child was a hardened soldier caked with mud and his own life, his own life that was leaving early in the afternoon on the West wind; the West wind that moved the shell-shocked trees, that drove the shell-shocked men.

The shadows sat down, the dials of their wrist watches glowing in the blackness. She rose leaving him alone, always alone, and she walked over to the shadows, shook their hands, after which they all fell into a large black pool that spread over the floor, that stained her white slippers as she began to again dance around the room.

He clutched at the edge of the table, but it was only the stock of his rifle.

"Christ," he thought again, "I'm afraid." And the wind cried out, into his ears it cried, saying—but the wind said nothing. It was a fear that they would find him, a fear that they never would, the grave of the unknown soldier.

They kissed in the darkness, in the darkness they kissed. Beneath the elm, beneath the budding sky. By the freezing stream, down East, Mid West, here and there they kissed. This they would not forget, at least not for a little while. This they would always do, until they

grew tired. This to them was Heaven, but neither one had ever known Hell.

"If the voices have been wrong," he thought, "then what? If this earth, this thing which is about to swallow me up, is only vain and created of the grotesque, what difference really, if I should fear it, or mock it? And so this is how they have all gone before me, and I shrugged it off, had better things to do."

This he thought to himself, and what was left of his foot twitched again, scattering the blue flies with their popping green eyes.

The children, deaf and dumb, filled with the strange ideas of mad men, laugh and play in the mud, making mud pies, two for a nickle. And the children, while playing in the mud, find first a layer of flies, then a layer of flesh that reaches up, that murmurs, "Water." They look at each other, smile, look back down to where the bleeding, murmuring man lays, say nothing, only stare. And he asks again for water, but they are deaf and dumb, and cannot understand. They ring about him, staring, until one stoops down, motioning to the others to do the same, which they do, and the young soldier feels their small hands under his body, and all the little hands rise up, and he is out of the mud, being carried away, away by the deaf and dumb. He is taken to a village and laid by a stone fountain, and the people come to see what their children have found, and he says to them, hoping that they unlike their children are not deaf and dumb, "Some water, please, some water." They reach into the fountain, and cup their hands, and bring water. But before he can drink, it runs through their fingers, drips down onto the ground, and the people groan aloud, for they are all blind.

Down from the Heavens came the drift of a slow falling rain.

"Liquor of you sober Gods, stop! Alcohol of the sky, what is the meaning of this? Why come now to soak this dying man in ninety proof mud? Rain from the rain swept seas, beating down on the helmet lying senseless without the sensing head; rain from the dry longing desert, from the steaming streets of the city, falling on the suffering body of this once sensitive man, this pile of flesh covered with flies and your worldly slime, where have you been? Haven't you seen enough already?"

To return again, we must go back. This means to look back and see ourselves coming. In coming we had not seen ourselves ahead, and so we did not stop. Now we pass ourselves confused.

The dying man laid there. The dying man of every age, of every war. He laid there with the formless thoughts that the dying think, weary of answers, knowing that they would do no good anyway.

Sing your darkened heart out. Cry out into the silent night, beneath the silent stars. You, you there, get moving, get those feet of yours going. Hold still. Wait. It was merciless, a fierce, frantic rush through a pitch black

night, across fields and along rivers. The rumor had it, but no one listened to them, they were moving, at last they were moving. Then the shrieks of the frightened men, followed by the rat-tat-tat of the machine guns. Despair of the soon to be sacrificed, ghosts from the dead garden, sickled at play, slipping from a fantastic dream into a bleak awakening. Sing your darkened heart out. Cry out into the silent night, beneath the silent stars, for now is the time, now while you still can.

Death you are Gothic, you are Rococo, and Greek. You are Romanesque, Byzantine, Georgine. You are Egyptian, Colonial; Assyrian, Tudor. Death you are baroque in your high ribbed vaults, beneath the arches, beside the columns, composite. From functional dentil, delicate lotus, all those past, you have come and are. But Death, now there is Wright, now there is glass and steel. Will you not come forward Death into our plastic age? Death, will you not be modern?

Yes, the thoughts of the dying were his. He could feel the presence of death around him, could almost see it crawling up close to him in the cold mud. The sensitive young man, the soldier, and the dead man, all of them with their thoughts lay there side by side, unconscious of the other, excepting for a final smell of decay that from time to time reminded each one that he was not alone. The one that cried long ago, he thought of the girl down by the willow tree; the soldier, of an unknown grave in the rain, and the dead man, he thought of nothing. And then the three rose up, shaking respectively from their bodies, tears, flies, and hopes; the three rose up, joined hands, looked at each other, laughed, and went walking across the field, disappearing into the fine mist of rain, disappearing into the darkness.

The girl, alone now, danced on, and with her, off in the distance, across the waste lands, stumbled the earth, going about her business dutifully, dragging with it, its peoples and their weary children. The girl alone now, empty of all tears, smiled, and danced on.

In line with our policy of displaying the creative arts in all its facets, we have decided to employ an art section in the magazine. We are very fortunate indeed, to have Mr. John C. E. Taylor, the head of the fine arts department at Trinity, to inaugurate this plan. Mr. Taylor is a renowned artist in New England, having won prizes for portraiture and graphics in recent years, as well as a noted scholar of art history. On the opposite page he displays his fine draftsmanship, mixed with a subtle sense of humor, to achieve a very striking piece of art work. It is our hope that in the future we can present other original art work by noted artists, in these pages.

ST. JEROME AT SOUTH WELLFLEET

The picture on the opposite page represents St. Jerome at South Wellfleet, Mass. The saint is chiefly notable for his Latin version of the Bible (the Vulgate) and for the lion that became his faithful friend. Jerome is often depicted as an elderly man, reading or writing, and seated in a quiet spot suitable for study. The lion sleeps beside him. But why are they on Cape Cod?

Those of you who know the Cape will remember that on the ocean side the dunes rise about a hundred feet above the beach. Furthermore, you're doubtless aware that it's not hard to imagine a place you like as inhabited by some one who could fit into it, so to speak, just as easily as those who actually live there.

Your thoughts have perhaps been stimulated along these lines by pictures of Albrecht Dürer, Martin Schongauer, and others of that time. These artists saw nothing amiss in placing the Holy Family in a German farmyard or providing the saints with local settings. If a saint can take his place naturally in fifteenth-century Nuremberg or Colmar, why not in South Wellfleet? He can be here just as easily as he was there. And if here, Jerome, for instance, would live in a shingled cottage, even as across the sea, five hundred years ago, he occupied a thatched *Hütte,* or well-appointed *Studierstube,* or even a rocky cavern.

He would like the Wellfleet dunes, the vastness and tranquillity of which, along with the Atlantic Ocean below them, invite meditation.

John C. E. Taylor


John C.E. Taylor
1954

William Gnichtel, with quiet lucidity, expounds a criteria of Literature which he thinks especially pertinent to REVIEW writing. He is a Senior and readers may remember him for his story HOME IS A PLACE WHERE.

The Noble Fury

by William Gnichtel, '56

HEEDING the Biblical injunction on matters of pearls before swine casting, in this article I shall tread the safe route of sub-profundity, thereby subscribing the Trinity sub-intelligentsia. . . . Now, that is just the sort of furious beginning which is fated to get nowhere. It smacks of typical undergraduate outrage at something or other. The something or other might be: English professors are reading sex into everything, philosophy professors don't talk like Christians, freshmen are grubbier every year, seniors are apathetic, my parents aren't shoe, my fraternity brothers are worse than my freshman year roommates, etc., ad nauseam. Not all of these tribulations get regularly into print, of course; especially the one about parents being non-shoe; but the tone of tribulation and self-pity is certainly rampant in undergraduate creative writing. Many a *Review* has been one long, humorless, unrelieved elegy. Here are some first lines of poetry culled at random from a *Review.* "One bare window—With one bare light,—One bare black man, standing, silhouetted,—Crying at the night." "Down in the valley—The willows weep—And I with them." "Oily faces in the hot and fetid air . . ." "Tell them: shed your maggot-rid flesh . . ." "The sweaty crowd heaved to and fro . . ."

This sense of outrage proceeds from a refusal to tolerate things as they are. Tolerance, moreover, is inimical to growth and creativity. From intolerance have come all the arts, sciences, and philosophies. When an undergraduate grows tolerant and tranquil, he is approaching the intellectual slumber so characteristic of the middle-aged adult. What, then, goes amiss in these undergraduate poems and stories, causing the intolerance to not fructify?

Narcissism, I will posit, is the fundamental source of the undergraduate's failure to achieve out of his aroused sensibilities a valid piece that, at least, aims in the direction of literature. The "Black Man" poem quoted previously, for example, is entirely about the poet's reaction to the black man, not about the black man, himself. Neither literally, nor metaphorically does the poem present the black man as he really is; the poet's impressions, therefore, are related to nothing. Here, as in scores of manuscripts submitted to the *Review,* the writer never honestly enters the given situation. The story or subject has no existence or meaning apart from the author whose feelings are his primary interest. Thomas Wolfe could succeed with such literary narcissism because he was a sufficiently spectacular individual to justify endless self-revelation. He is, however, an oddity and is no literary model. The writer must escape from himself if he would write about anything other than himself.

Literature is a concrete and personal representation of a universal quality or truth, not didactic truth, specifically. The writer gives an intelligent meaning to the subject, enabling the reader to abstract a universal from the concrete. The writer, contrasted with the newspaperman whose concern is events relevant to immediate, unique situations, makes the event relevant to a timeless, universal realm. The danger of subordinating the matter to the author's feelings is that the product contains relevancies to a specific experience, only. Of course, a writer needs a passion for his subject; but, if the subject, in the first place, has no objective existence apart from the passion, the subject is a meaningless particular.

Hence, I would generalize that the failure common to most undergraduate writers is their inability to conceive of their subject outside of the immediate feeling it arouses. The bare act of being intolerant is not fit material for creative writing. The writer must so organize and select that there exists in the piece an implicit assertion which gives universal meaning to the specific. To evolve an assertion, however, requires the rigorous act of an intellect that is both educated and relentlessly searching; else, the assertion is liable to be unoriginal or muddled. Too often, intellectual flabbiness prevents the undergraduate writer from realizing a universal and this was Mr. Holland's meaning, I think, when he cited the absence of creed in *Review* writing. It is not necessarily a matter of creed, though, but a matter of having thought sufficiently about the subject to be able to do more than just state it.

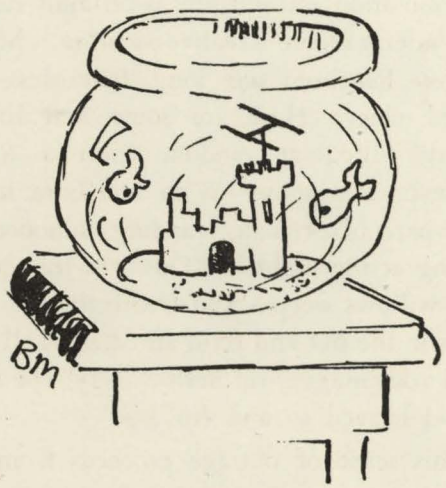
There are one or two writers each year who are cognizant of the formal, intellectual aspect of writing. Their stories and poems are real contributions to the intellectual life of the campus and justify the *Review's* continuation. The preponderance of the *Review's* creative matter is very poor stuff and I have tried in this essay to indicate, explicitly, a constructive criteria to support this judgment.

A second time contributor to the REVIEW, Remington Rose, a Sophomore, shows a keen interest in genre subjects. He is a member of the Advisory Board.

Child's Play

by Remington Rose, '58

Let's play
At fairy tales again.
Do you remember one about
A monkey
And a pussy cat
And chestnuts roasting
On an open hearth?
The man-like beast
So scorched his paws
Trying to grasp
The glowing fruit
And the cat
Purred softly, smugly
At the painful struggles
Of the simple ape.
Well, do you see
That T-shaped tree
Whose roots are living flames?
Reach in.
You'll find four bloody nails,
And if your blackened claw
Can pull them out
We'll wash them off with vinegar
And build ourselves a house
And go to bed.
Okay?



Michael Levin is a junior from New Rochelle, New York. This is his first story in the REVIEW.

The Shortest Distance Between . . .

by Michael Levin, '57

"GOT to cover a lot of miles today . . . a lot of miles," he spoke aloud, hoping to strike up a conversation with himself; the only answer he received was a louder whine of the engine as it responded to the floored accelerator. At sixty-five there was little sensation of speed. As the speedometer crawled past eighty, the car had a tendency to sway a bit, and it seemed to him that it rattled more than usual, but it was a convertible and he was long-accustomed to its great variety of squeaks and rattles. Only when the indicator found a home at ninety-six, did he admit that he was "really moving along."

Regardless of the speedometer reading he found another indication of his increased speed. The agile crows that had dotted the highway at intervals always had managed to reach safety well in advance of his arrival, but now as he bore down on a few he noticed that only the most alert sensed his presence in time to assure themselves of seeing the next sunrise.

"At least it's not as disgusting as the crabs," he thought, but he couldn't push out of his

memory the loathsome experience a week earlier on Route A1A—the last stretch from Hollywood to Miami Beach. Barf! He'd never be able to forget those grubby, blind crabs and the way they groped across the beach at night, drawn magnetically by some force that made them swarm over the highway, trying frantically to reach the damp grass and marshes on the other side. Barf! Why did the crabs cross the road? Could he forget the stomach-turning *crunch* every time one blundered under his wheels? And, then there was the awful stink. . . . Barf!

"The hell with 'em . . . who needs 'em anyway?"

Route 17 was just like all the rest of the state highways in Florida—two lanes, flat, and endless. It differed only in the respect that it had been completed recently; so recently, in fact, that the polished-gravel surface hadn't set, and even at low speeds it kicked up a great commotion of creamy-white pebbles under the floorboards. Route 17 had the one feature that completed the picture—it was deserted.

He squinted continually at the white ribbon of road, cruelly reflecting the cold glare of the new morning sun, and from time to time cursed the uselessness of the green sunglasses that lay on the seat next to him—useless, for what good are they with one lens smashed and the other so scratched that it was nearly opaque. He cursed his own carelessness for breaking them, and then he cursed the almighty sun itself, but the futility of this was so overwhelming that he was soon reduced to mouthing the impotent invectives of childhood, eventually giving up when he had degenerated to spouting "silly, dopey, and stinky."

At first it had been difficult for him to keep his eyes on the road, for the scenery on both sides of it was new to him and diverted his interest for a while. But, as all good things must come to an end, the green swampland, punctuated with grotesque cypress stumps, eventually lost its attraction as it continued to surround him without relief, and for every mile he put behind him it seemed that it was replaced by two in front.

Checking his watch against the dashboard clock he found that, as usual, the latter had gained ten minutes since the day before. From force of habit he immediately made the necessary correction, noting that he was already more than an hour out of Miami. It was then that he passed the first car since he had started out on the road—a light green Chevvy, filled with little kids and driven by a haggard-looking man who could only have been their father. He had come up behind the Chevvy so fast that only by applying the brake sharply was he able to pass it without going off the shoulder. "Pretty damn close!" He glanced in the mirror and saw nothing more than a rapidly diminishing green speck that seemed to disappear even as he watched it. When he focused on the road in front once again, there was some kind of building quite far ahead that he discerned to be a gas station. His fuel gauge indicated less than a quarter of a tank remaining, so he eased off the accelerator and allowed the car's momentum to carry it the rest of the way.

He felt a sudden apprehension that it might be closed, after all it was Sunday morning and chances were that the owner was indulging himself with the "day of rest." "Give it the old college-try," he thought, and pulled up alongside the grimey pumps displaying their red, white, and blue trademark. "What a dump!" he appraised it silently. Just as the swirls of dust began to settle, the door of the overgrown, frame shack opened and an old man, who matched his surroundings, stepped into the bright of day.

"Want gas or directions?" he croaked, shuffling over to the pumps.

"I'll take a full tank of hi-test."

The old man rang off the previous sale, and with labored movements managed to guide the hose into the tank. It took almost twelve gallons, but he allowed enough gas to slosh over so that it came out even. Then he went around to the front of the car where he made a feeble

effort to wipe away the splattered bugs and bird droppings that had accumulated on the windshield. "That comes to three-seventy," he said finally. After getting paid he stood watching the car continue its journey down the road, and as soon as it was out of sight he shuffled back into the perpetual gloom of his shack.

The sun was a little higher now, its torrid rays rapidly gaining full strength. What earlier had been cool and refreshing morning air, now lay like a hot, heavy blanket over the countryside. As the road rolled on, the monotony of his trip closed in around him once more, this time intensified by the heat that closed in with it. He wished that he could open the top, "If it weren't for the sun . . ." He lit a cigarette, enjoying the taste of the smoke, while he tried to pull in something on the radio. It squawked with the usual varieties of southern static, came out with a hymn or two, a hillbilly song, and greatly disgusted, he pushed the button marked "off."

"The hell with it . . . who needs it anyway?"

After a couple of minutes just listening to the whistle of the wind and the clatter of gravel under the wheels, he decided to sing. "At least the noise ought to help keep me from falling asleep," he said modestly to himself, still doubting whether it was the *thing* to do. After a few verses of "Roll Me Over" he slipped into "Oh, Happy Day," and when he couldn't remember any more of the lyrics went into a bathtub rendition of "La Vie en Rose," faking in enough French to please himself. This led to a succession of popular songs—the first chorus of each—and finally he concluded by pledging allegiance "to the flag of the United States."

Silence enveloped him again. His throat was scratchy from singing so much, and he wanted a cold drink. "I'll stop at the next open place I come to," he thought, "and at this pace it shouldn't be long." He wondered if cops ever patrolled the road. One thing was certain, though, they'd never sneak up behind him! His foot was heavy on the gas pedal and he could feel the fatigue working its way up his leg. Why did he always tense up when he drove this fast? He watched the road closely. There was a dead animal up ahead and he edged around it without slowing down. He kept watching the road. It was easier now, for the sun was moving still higher overhead and there was less glare. He found it interesting—absorbing. It was a one-track railroad, all his own, and he was the engineer of the train; he could make it go slower or faster as it clung to the rails. No, it's a giant conveyor belt with a car anchored firmly to the speeding strip. "All I do is sit here and make it go slower or faster." The thought amused him.

The sky was a constant blue that intersected the white stretch of road at the horizon. He allowed his eyes to fix on that point, and he relaxed. For the first time since he'd been in Florida his mind was beginning to take a rest.

All that had gone into making this trip possible lay behind him now; he had broken off cleanly, and only the vague fear of having to make a fresh start remained. "It'll all be different this time, they don't know me, and I don't know them . . ." He felt a twinge of anxiety.

The pebbles under the tires ground out a staccato rhythm that hammered at his ears, but it was pleasant, and he didn't have to think. For a second his head drooped, yet a subconscience force snapped it up again. This rejuvenated his senses for a short while, convincing him that he was now fully awake. He concentrated on the road in front of him, a white ribbon drawn out endlessly, dividing the green swamps on the left from the green swamps on the right. "I should have had more sleep last night," he reproached himself, and as testimony his eyelids grew heavy. From beside a cypress stump an extinct-type bird cocked its head in annoyance as the car flashed by.

Faintly, at first, and then louder, he heard the piercing horn of a diesel locomotive. "Must be a crossing somewhere up ahead." For a minute he couldn't distinguish it from the landscape, but then far in the distance he saw the outline of a long train, crawling along at right angles to his lonely highway. It reminded him of the scale model trains he built when he was a kid, and he recalled, with pride, the vast network of track that once existed in his cellar.

He raced on toward the train. By now it was already grinding along through the crossing —a mile of steel that moved steadily, yet still blocked the road. A slight smile brought pain to his dry, cracked lips—he was reminiscing. The untroubled associations of childhood began to flow into his stream of semi-consciousness, and he thought of how happy he'd been as a kid. "Life was just for fun *then.* It was all play and laugh, laugh and play." There were no problems.

The diesel horn blasted again. He was only vaguely aware of it now, and all the while his brain was sending an urgent message to his accelerator foot—*ease up! ease up!* The foot was heavy, though, very heavy. It weighed a ton. His whole leg was solid lead—too much trouble to move. The stiffness in the back of his neck spread to his arms, and the car hurtled toward the clanging warning bell. An X-shaped sign proclaimed "STOP—LOOK—LISTEN", but it was no longer up to him.

"Trains," he thought, "they're for kids.

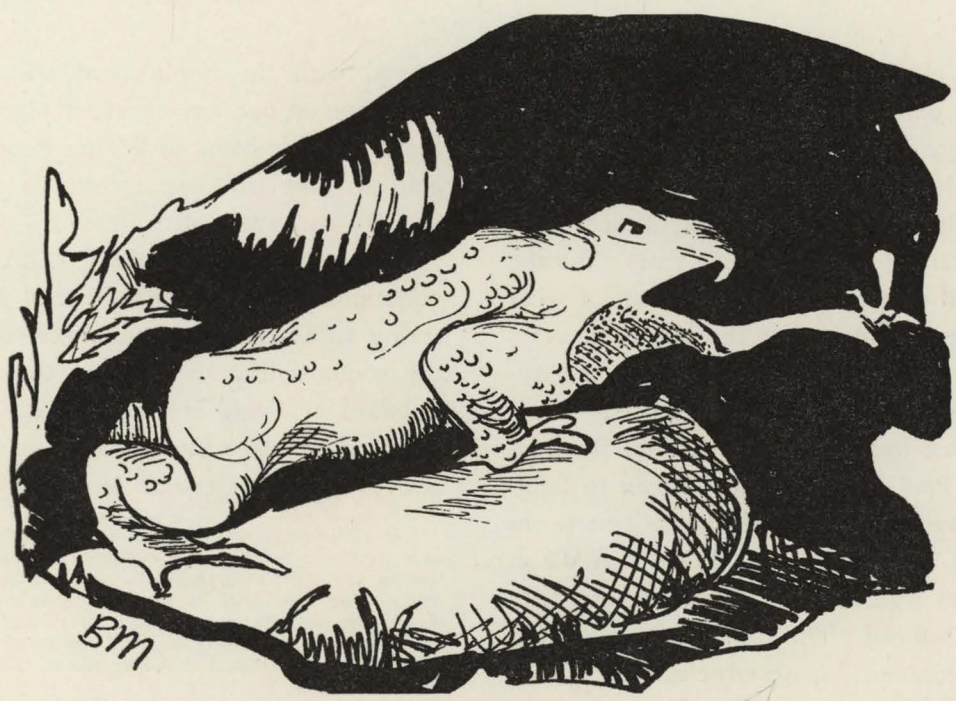
"The hell with 'em . . . who needs 'em anyway?"

An English major and Senior at Trinity, Dave Lee's literary talent appears for the first time in these pages. Dave is well known on the campus for his work in the Senate and in the public relations office.

The Insect and the Toad

by David W. Lee, '56

April's sun is cruel in June.
At midday fields are oven-hot;
And insects scuttle, like as not,
To hole with toads, away from noon.
The pasture's haze is part exhaust
From weekend drivers' financed cars.
"All dog eat dog . . ." — the traffic jars
Their sun-drenched thoughts — "not worth the
cost . . ."
They muse like this. Perhaps they dream
While picnicking in shielding shade
Of rural peace — a farm, a stream;
Where scars of competition fade . . .
They're too far from the sun to see
The toad's hinged tongue flick callously.



One of the current topics of much discussion and controversy in the nation, as well as in the Atheneum Society, is the question of the Guaranteed Annual Wage. A formal essay on this subject is herewith presented by Franklin Kury, a sophomore. Frank is very well qualified to discuss this topic being not only a member of the two-man debating team which beat Smith College for the first time in our history, but the second freshman ever to win the English Composition Prize at Trinity.

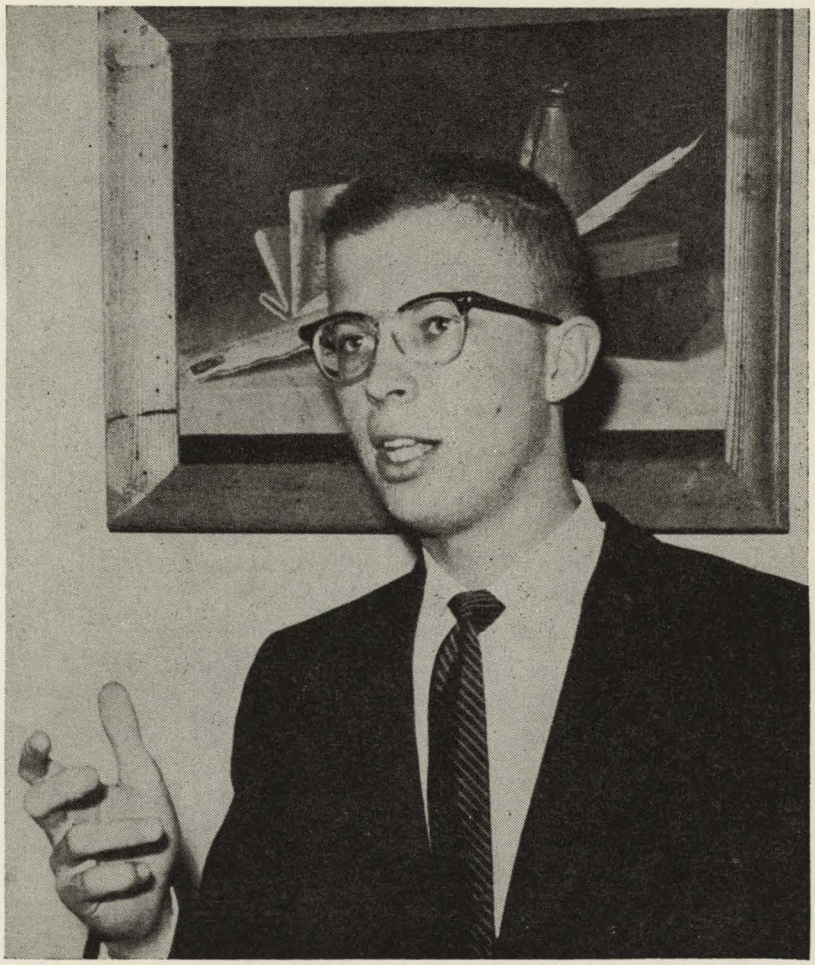
by Franklin Kury

The Guaranteed Annua

THE elements of controversy and potential danger in the Guaranteed Annual Wage do not reside in the Ford and General Motors contracts of this year. These contracts have been signed and sealed; they are irrevocable for at least three years. But the danger and controversy does arise out of what may happen to America in the next three years and the years after them if the Guaranteed Annual Wage is indiscriminately forced on industry. One thing is certain, Walter Reuther, like John Paul Jones, has just begun to fight. He will, we can be assured, do his best to increase and strengthen the C.I.O.'s G.A.W. in the auto, as well as other American industries in the years ahead. The author, not pretending to be an economist,[1] is nevertheless deeply concerned with the implications which G.A.W. may have on our way of life if placed upon us through the impetus of Walter Reuther, and is glad to take this opportunity to discuss the G.A.W. as he sees it.

There emerged from the C.I.O.-U.A.W. negotiations with Ford and General Motors last spring an agreement by management to accept the responsibility to see that the employees' standard of living is kept close to its normal standard, whether the employee is working or not. Ford and General Motors accepted this

[1] In addition to making it clear that he is not writing as a trained economist, the author would also point out that he is not attempting to discuss all of the arguments, pro and/or con. All of the arguments fully discussed would provide sufficient material for several books. The author is only discussing some of those issues which are essentially non-technical in nature and which should be of general interest.



Wage

responsibility in the form of a so-called "Guaranteed Annual Wage." These contracts provide that the company shall build up a trust fund, with a definite maximum liability (Ford's is 50 million dollars, G.M.'s is 150 million), which is to be paid for a maximum of 26 weeks to laid-off workers in amounts that shall make up the difference between 60 per cent of the regular wage and the unemployment compensation benefit. If the workers do not receive unemployment compensation, the company pays all of the benefit up to $25.00 for 26 weeks. It is important to note that this obligation, or responsibility, which was assumed under G.A.W., is continuous even when the plant is shut down through no fault of the management, i.e., because of supplier's strikes, fires, flood, or other "Acts of God." Prior to these negotiations, Walter Reuther, president of the C.I.O., declared that "it is morally right for workers to be able to expect to be either provided full employment or a guaranteed wage in the periods where their labor is not needed." This is the tip-off as to what Reuther is really after; the Detroit contracts of this year are only a beginning. Reuther's real goal is to effect a G.A.W. whereby the worker would be guaranteed 100 per cent of his salary for an entire year, working or not, in order to secure take-home pay "adequate to maintain the living standards which the worker and his family enjoys while fully employed." Notice that Reuther will not guarantee employment; he would guarantee wages. Here is where the debate

originates. If Reuther attains his goal and it is placed on American industry as a whole, what is likely to result? What implications will arise?

THE GRASS-ROOTS DEMAND

The ironic part of G.A.W. is that there is no demand for it from the workers, much less a need for it. Walter Reuther didn't give Ford and G.M. a choice of whether or not they would have to provide a form of G.A.W.; the only choice he gave management, which made fabulous offers in an attempt to stop it, was how they would give it to him. Reuther forced the G.A.W. upon management and union alike. G.A.W. did not start at the grass-roots union level and work up,[2] it was developed at the top union level by Reuther and his aides and then forced down. That there is by no means a demand for G.A.W. from the workers themselves is evidenced in many ways. Some of the Detroit unions went on wildcat strikes of protest in July, after the contracts were signed. Many of the workers with years of seniority opposed it on grounds that they wouldn't need it. The A.F. of L. has remained cool towards it. In fact, the A.F. of L. Hatters' Union, instead of asking for an increased pension or a G.A.W., asked its firms to put one per cent of the payroll into headgear promotion, expressing the belief that the promotion of hats means more jobs. (In other words, increased production is the best job guarantee.) When the American Can Company offered a replica of the Ford-G.M. G.A.W. to three of its New Jersey plants, the union flatly refused to accept it. Said the union business agent representing the workers in these plants, "It would be like equipping Arab camel drivers with life jackets in case they ever drove into a mirage that turned out to be a real lake." Why was this G.A.W. rejected? It was rejected because it is not needed, for the can industry is a fairly stable one; there are no seasonal fluctuations and thus layoffs are very rare. George A. Meany, who as president of the A.F. of L. represents over ten million workers as compared to Reuther's less than five million, provided the clincher when he declared that, ". . . it is almost an impossibility under our economic system to have a Guaranteed Annual Wage in certain types of business. Now there may be a business—Eastman Kodak, for instance—that can have a G.A.W. . . . they (Eastman Kodak) never have any reason to lay any one off . . . but there are millions of corporations that couldn't possibly make such a guarantee." Thus, the companies that need G.A.W. most can afford it least and those that need it least can afford it most.

The Detroit settlements of this year in reality amount to supplements to the unemployment compensation program. Yet, Reuther's goal of full pay for a full year, working or not, is obviously contrary to the purpose of unemployment compensation, which is to provide the essentials necessary to carry the worker through the lay-off period. Moreover, if a worker knows that he will get his full year's salary regardless of what happens to the company, he is likely to become complacent in his attitude towards his job and his employer. He won't have to worry about what happens to business —layoffs aren't his fault; he will get his pay under any circumstances. Thus G.A.W. could quite conceivably breed indifference and apathy on the assembly line. This in itself would be disastrous to our national welfare. And if laid off, will a worker want to go back to work? The correlation between real wages and benefit wages in this respect has produced amazing results. In Wisconsin, where the benefit of unemployment insurance is relatively low, less than three per cent of those unemployed collected benefit for the entire year, but in Puerto Rico, where the benefit level is almost equal to the wage, 62 per cent of those eligible col-

[2] One may argue that the Nunn-Bush, Hormel, Procter & Gamble, and other existing forms of G.A.W. constitute a grass-roots demand, but only one-tenth of one per cent of the nation's working force is covered by them; they were, on the whole, management initiated. Furthermore, all existing G.A.W. plans were renounced by Reuther and the C.I.O. in 1953.

lected for the full 52 weeks. Consequently, Reuther's plan not only goes contrary to the purpose of unemployment compensation, but also, caters to a human frailty.

If G.A.W. is all that Reuther would have us believe it is and unemployment is such a threat, why doesn't he call the union members together and institute his own G.A.W. within the union? All that would have to be done is to take five cents an hour from each worker's pay envelope in the same way that union dues are taken out under the checkoff system. When men are laid off they could be paid from the union fund; unions already have similar funds which they pay to men on extended strikes in order to keep them fed and clothed. This would be a lot less complicated than the plans instituted last spring. For one thing, it would do away with the red tape of integrating the companies' supplement with the state unemployment system as is now necessary, for money distributed in this way wouldn't be considered wages. However, Reuther argues that since a man and his family must eat 365 days a year, and since it is not the worker's fault that they are laid off, they should not have to bear the burdens of the lay-off period. Therefore, since the company (supposedly) does much to prevent these lay-off periods, it should pay the workers for 365 days a year—working or not.

AN ASSUMED MORAL OBLIGATION

Bearing this in mind, let us for a moment go to the basis of our American free enterprise system. Under our system, a man, or a group of men, operate a business in order to make a profit. This entrepreneur can not pass on to his employees that which he does not receive from the consumer. There is absolutely no way—except under a planned society such as the Communists' or Socialists'— in which that businessman can be guaranteed his sales, and subsequently his profit. It is already generally in his best interest to keep production steady and even expanding, if possible, because steady production means more efficiency and more products to sell. When he is keeping men on the job he is doing so because he can sell their product. That businessman does not want to lay off his workers any more than his workers want to be laid off. They are laid off as a matter of financial expediency—white collar worker and blue collar worker alike. On what basis, moral or otherwise, does a company owe its employees a living? Reuther simply assumes this. But why should a company be held responsible, come hell or high water, to see that its employees are always clothed and fed? Certainly a company can not be held responsible for layoffs which are caused by forced and circumstances beyond the control of the company. Dr. Emerson Schmidt goes to the heart of the issue in averring that "to argue that it is more humane to pay workers for idleness through a wage guarantee than to operate an enterprise efficiently and profitably is to see the trees and ignore the forest."

A FISCAL FARDEL

Reuther further argues that labor costs should be considered as a fixed expense[3] on an annual basis in the same manner as interests, rents, executives' salaries, etc. If, regardless of the company's condition, the landlord gets his rent, the bondholder his interest, and the executive his salary, why shouldn't the worker do likewise? Hasn't he the same right to continued maintenance of his living standard? But, how much of a fixed cost will G.A.W. entail? All companies can not afford what G.M. and Ford can. Besides, what is to prevent Reuther from raising G.A.W. costs? The United Mine Workers' pension fund was originally designated to operate on a basis of five cents per ton contribution from the employer. It is now 40 cents per ton in bituminous and 50 cents per ton in anthracite. Large fixed costs, moreover, add to the instability of a company. As fixed costs increase in size the ability of a company to contract according to conditions in

[3] Fixed expenses are those which can be accurately calculated in advance and which remain constant throughout the year, e.g., rents, interests, etc.

order to survive is weakened, and thus the life of the company is endangered. Yet, by adding the rigidity of financial liability for the guarantee into production costs, the advocates of G.A.W. are defeating the very purpose they profess to serve.

Walter Reuther must continue to develop and press for demands such as G.A.W. if he is to continue as president of his organization. Unfortunately, this is one of the weaknesses of the union system, for, if a leader fails to offer his union something bigger and better each election, he will fail to be re-elected. It is a vicious circle, one which continually spirals onward and upward, while the unorganized portion of the working force—which is three-fourths of the working force—and the rest of the American public gets stuck with the bill, without any extra income. But the line must be drawn somewhere; labor and management both must be kept in the bounds of the best interests of the American people. Therefore, because the G.A.W. would breed indifference on the assembly line, be contrary to the purpose of unemployment compensation, discourage incentive in looking for work, place an unfair responsibility on management, and endanger the health of our industries, it must be stopped. G.A.W. would be a fiscal fardel which would undermine our free enterprise system and drag us down the road to a welfare state.

CHARIVARI

Of the first ten years, let it be said that they were the hardest. That gives all board members a sense of satisfaction. It also gives readers a chance to expect something stupendous in the next ten years, which must, by logic, be easier, and, by today's lazy standards, better.

This is the tenth consecutive year of publication of this particular version of the *Review,* for better or for worse. In the decade since its second coming, the campus literary magazine, which has a complex against being called for what it is, has advanced to the point where it is regarded nationally as the publisher of a celebration by many great men of letters of the seventy-fifth birthday of Hartford's late Wallace Stevens; where it is regarded locally as the trash-barrel of the college's arty set.

In the coming year, we look forward to continue our dichotomous existence. To the eyes of the elite, we will always be the primary movement for sweetness, light, and everything that Mother loves; for the mediocrities in our midst, the big M which is Trinity, we will be the bastard product of a beat version of the Lawrentian tradition. To all our fellow b.m.'s, a damn good tenth.

J. S. B.

* * *

The ten year birthday of a magazine is a very decisive one. It sets the pace for the coming decades, and as often is said, "The first ten years are the hardest." The most important question in evaluating the growth of a magazine is, has the magazine progressed, and if so, in what direction? The editors have had this very much in mind this year, because of our desire to make this birthday a milestone.

In layout and appearance, the *Review* has made tremendous strides. We have enlarged on the use of illustrations, simplified and brightened the format, and increased the volume by better than half. In content, it is hard to say. One cannot simply state that we write better today than ten years ago, or even a century ago. To do so would denounce the genius of such writers as Hawthorne, or even Shakespeare, to make an absurd comparison. I can, however, compare the essays in the *Review* in 1946, with those in 1955, and draw a conclusion. In this respect, we have not changed. Students then were turning out just as thoughtful and creative manuscripts as you see in this issue. If anything at all, we have improved in scope. We have broadened our pages to include essays on subjects of wider and more diversified interest, and helped the *Review* to come down out of the rarefied atmosphere of the "literary set". I feel, then, that the *Review* has come of age, and although it hasn't had all its growing pains yet, it is on the right track.

B. N. M.

As we all know every literary figure suffers his ups and downs as time moves on. Today for example Tennyson, who has been ranked with the top and, more recently, with the very bottom, is once again gaining in popularity; T. S. Eliot is just entering a decline in popularity. What causes these fluctuations is beyond the scope of this short commentary. We are concerned rather with an attempt by this author to stop a downward trend in the popularity of one literary artist whom we feel deserves more fame than attends him at present. This man is Walt Kelly.

Once each year a volume compiled from the daily outpouring of Mr. Kelly's pen is issued for consump-

tion by the general reader. These volumes sell well, but we feel that too few of the audience at whom the book is aimed examine it, at least if they do it is not with their full critical faculties in use. That the volume is intended for the "well-read" can be discerned from the chapter headings alone. Such titles as "A Medium Rare Day in June Is Well Done," "A Scandal for School" and "A Tiger Burns Bright" run rampant throughout Kelly's works. To this writer at least these headings seem to be written with the college student or graduate in mind. One cannot view Mr. Kelly's antimated satire in the same light as one sees *Oswald the Rabbit.* It is instead social criticism of a type that may be traced in a direct line from Hogarth's *A Harlot's Progress.*

As a typical example of the depth of thought found in the Pogo books let us consider this perfect little allegory from chapter 17 of *The Incompleat Pogo.* In it Humanity, represented by Mouse, is twice vanquished by seemingly insignificant problem of its Id, represented by the Worm Chile, to be saved at the end by Literary Satire, played by Miz Beaver, who berates Mouse terribly in public, but in private is very fond of him. Besides the beautiful handling of the theme, which is always in evidence in Kelly's work, one is struck by the aptness of the comment on Kelly's own place in the scheme of things. Rarely has a writer written of his own problems with such understanding.

Mr. Kelly's only real failing is that of all satirists. He cannot resist poking at the ridiculous in present day mores, mores that change very rapidly. Although this undoubtedly detracts from the life of his work, remember that Swift, with whom Kelly can be compared in every respect but the biting quality of his wit (Swift hates people; Kelly loves them), has lived on in spite of his concentration on the problems of the day. Kelly is great enough to do the same.

There are those, and we pity them, who claim to find nothing in *Pogo.* We happened upon a quote that we feel is not exactly true, but is such a good answer to these intellectual duds who dislike or are apathetic towards *Pogo.* This is what Howland Owl explained when questioned about a school he started which was to teach nothing; "What's WRONG in THAT? It ain't like we was teachin' SOMETHIN'! We teaches a good brand of nothing." If you are too dull then to extract the basic concepts of life behind Kelly's writing, we recommend that you read him to enjoy his brand of nothing. It is the best brand we've found since Oscar Wilde.

B. B.

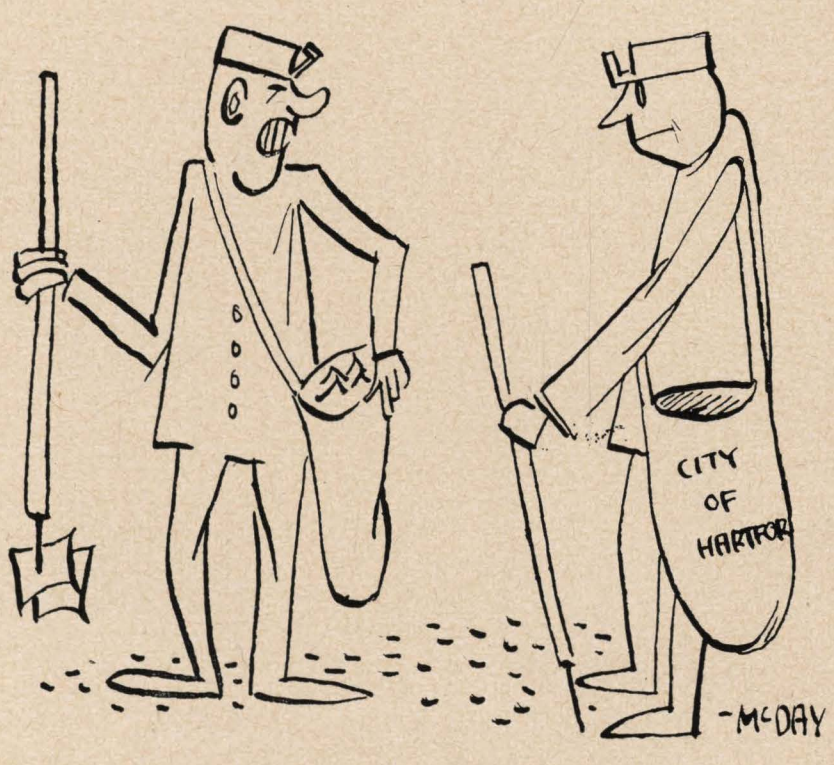
Once upon a time there was a man who thought that the world was flat and really believed it. In fact there were lots of men who all thought the same way. In wasn't until Columbus came along and proved them wrong that some of them changed their minds. But it was still a hard fight to convince them, and I suppose that even now one might find in a lonely and abject hinterland a remnant of population who still believe that the world is flat. It takes more than just a graphic and scientific illustration to convince mortal men that something strange is true. Most of the time we don't really believe things until we experience them ourselves. This is why people are young.

But it is also the reason that poetry has had such difficulty in the past century. People don't read it because it seems no longer to be written to them. What the modern poet and all poets in general have to say, has been in the last century a little unbelievable to the mass of men. In the old days, when Achilles and his boys, along the Beowulf and Roland romped about in readers' and listeners' minds. This was when men were men and everybody knew it. But none of us seem to be sure now. What is beautiful and truthful has no great meaning to Mr. Average man on Main Street, except if it be a woman. It is indeed a sad comment on modern life if it cannot illustrate to the mass of men the ideas and emotions contained in its poetic literature. Even love seems no longer to be a universal poetic subject. Everyone is at sometime affected by it, but there are far too few who read Shakespeare's sonnets to bear out their understanding.

The writer must bear with this tendency which has been going on since the first court poetry and aristocratic poetry was written. He must look at it as a fact, and write for the public, or he must look at it as a challenge and write something able to reach all ears. Too, he may decide to do what he can who will understand him. The second choice may be impossible. The third snobbish and "intellectual", and the first prostitution. The choices are all bad.

And one begins to wonder who is to blame.

C. R.



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